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Unlucky Fellow

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GARDEN GATE

UNLUCKY FELLOW.

The day was spent the moon shone bright,
The village clock struck eight,
Young Mary hastened with delight,
Unto the garden gate,
But who was there to make her sad,
The gate was there but not the lad,
Which made poor Mary sigh and say,
Was there ever a poor girl so sad as I.

She paced the garden here and there,
The village clock struck nine,
Which made young Mary sigh and say
Thou shan't, thou shant be mine,
You promised to meet me at the gate,
You ne'er shall keep me nor make me wait,
For I'll let all such cruel creatures see,
They ne'er shall make a fool of me.

She paced the garden here and there,
The village clock struck ten,
Young William caught her in his arms,
No more to part again.
For he had been to buy the ring that day,
And he had been such a long, long way,
Then how could Mary cruel prove,
To banish the lad she so dearly loved.

Up with the morning sun she rose,
To church they went away,
And all the village joyful were,
Upon the wedding day.
Now in a cot by a river side,
William and Mary both reside,
Now she blesses the night that she did wait,
For her absent swain at the garden gate.

Is there any one here who has a desire,
To wed with a grumbling wife,
Is had better by far put his head in the fire,
And so put an end to his life;
For I married one and I thought her a dove,
But I very soon wished her dead,
For in less than a week she got tired of love,
And tore all the hair off my head.
Oh dear, my heart is so full I am ready to cry,
Oh, what an unlucky fellow am I.

The very first thing my wife did for me,
She brought me home children two,
She said, "you must father these two pretty dears,"
Says I, I'll be hanged if I do,
She said with a sneer, "how dare you presume
To think of your case being hard,"
Then she knocked me down stairs with a broom,
And she bolted me out in the yard.

But the worst of all that is, then if you mark,
I really thought I should run wild,
When I trod on the cat's tail in the dark,
The cat mew'd and it waked the young child,
And she up with her fist and put me in a fright,
And swore she would make me rue it,
Then she made me sleep in the cupboard all night,
Though I said I did not go to do it.

The very next morning—indeed it is true—
I met with a most shocking loss,
Said she "love you must go and buy meat for a stew,"
I will love, but don't you be cross.
But oh what ill luck, we all in this world find,
Before I could get it home to her,
A large Newfoundland dog came smelling behind,
And he stole it all off the skewer.

But when I got home full of trouble and fear,
Oh! how I did shiver and shake,
Says I, I have met with an accident dear,
A large dog ran away with the stake.
If you had been there you'd have pittied my sorrow,
My head she pummelled with blows.
Said she, "Mr. Cox, I will leave you to-morrow,"
Then she pulled me about by the nose.

I have only been married one month and a day,
I shall be a bankrupt very soon,
For I'm deeply in debt and my wife's run away,
Oh! is not this a sad honeymoon,
She has gone with another to some wicked place,
Perhaps you may think it a joke,
I'm sure that she'll bring me to shame and disgrace,
And my heart into pieces is broke.